"You Don't-You Don't Suspect Me of This?"

placed it against the far wall, un- of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr.

result was extraordinary. The whole inspector admitted. "All the same,

of the far wall was blown out and for I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay

Quest replaced the instrument in his course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I

pocket, sprang through the opening can think of nothing but having my

and ran for the tower house. Behind diamonds back. I feel I ought to go

him on its way to New York he could and thank the professor for recoin-

of anger. It was less than fifty yards, Rheinholdt was suddenly aware that

sounded in Quest's ears. He glanced appointing not to be able to lay your

were racing almost side by side to- I suppose you must find the interfer

wards him. He rushed up the narrow ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest a

stairs into the signal room, tearing little froublesome sometimes. He gets

red head had appeared at the top of Here we are on the stroke of time!"

"This ain't your job," the Irishman | the keyhole. There was not a sound

Quest had stolen a yard or two tion was caught by the fluttering of a

nearer during this brief colloquy. Gal- little piece of white material caught in

lagher's mate from behind shouted out | the door. He pulled it out. It was a

a warning just a second too late. With fragment of white embroidery, and on

a sudden kick, Quest sent the re- it were several small stains. The in-

volver flying across the room and be- spector looked at them and looked at

fore the Irishman could recover he his fingers. His face grew suddenly

Gallagher reeled. The operator who there has been some trouble here. I

had just begun to realize what was shall have to take a liberty. If you'll

passed. Quest steadied himself for a had drawn from his pocket a little

supreme effort, crawled out on the lit- pass key and was fitting it into the

a moment. The last car was just be- more they were both conscious of that

neath. The gap between it and the peculiar silence, which seemed to have

previous one was slipping by. He set in it some unnamable quality. He

his teeth and jumped on the smooth moved to the foot of the stairs and

"What the hell did you want to plug hand side, where Quest, when he was

ain't in the show at all. You've done a stenographer and a telegraph oper-

Already the horror of the murderer the left-hand side. French was a man

were still trembling, but they knew rible struggle. Between whom? How?

was fixed. Clumsily but successfully, shriek. The inspector turned quickly

the threshold.

happened? Oh, my God!"

"I never meant to drop him," he broke from his lips.

shouted:

tle steel bridge and poised himself for lock. The door swung open. Once

gled mass of struggling limbs whis- car until I send out for you."

continued savagely. "We want the to be heard. He drew back, a little

"Ston the freight," he shouted to the private individual wants, but he

your point of view."

some distance in front the ground hands on the thief."

see a freight train coming along. He | mending Mr. Quest."

was furrowed up by the explosion.

could hear, too, Red Gallagher's roar

of the tower the thunder of the freight

The man moved to the signal. An-

"Drop that signal or I'll blow you

"Walk towards me." Gallagher

shouted. "Look here, you guy, this

A bullet passed within a few inches

ly across the room. Below they could

cop, and we're going to have him."

standing his huge size and strength.

the two thugs. A shot from the tan-

tled past Quest's head as he sprang

gher and his mate bent with horrified

faces over the body of the signalman.

muttered. "I got mad at seeing Quest

"What are we going to do?" the

this job, we'll have something of our

their job. In a few minutes the wheel

the great Irishman turned the car

"She's a hummer." he muttered. "I'll

They drove clumsily off, gathering

speed at every yard. Behind, in the

lay dead. Quest, half way to New

CHAPTER XI.

stepped out of his office and ap-

Mrs. Rheinholdt welcomed the in-

"How nice of you to be so punctual,

The inspector obeyed and took his

"How beautifully punctual we are!"

place in the luxurious limousine.

make her go when we get the hang of

get off. That man's a devil."

other demanded hoarsely.

own back first."

him for?" the latter muttered.

us. Red. he's cooked!"

ly around.

hear the roar of the freight.

of the operator's head. He came slow- spot."

will show you whether I'm in earnest

The operator hesitated, dazed,

the staircase.

or not!"

into bits." he shouted.

"He's a clever chap, all right," the

"That's your point of view, o

The inspector made no reply. Mrs

"Of course," she sighed, "it is dis

"It's a queer affair about these lew-

at the front door. There was a some-

what prolonged pause. He rang again.

he remarked. "That sort of secretary-

valet of Mr. Quest's-Ross Brown I

think he calls him-is always on the

there was still no answer to their sum-

mons. The inspector placed his ear to

puzzled. At that moment his atten-

"Seems to me," he muttered, "that

"You don't think the jewels have

There was no reply. He opened the

doors of the two rooms on the rights-

ator. Both rooms were empty. Then

could have kept back the cry which

A few feet away from the door was

stretched the body of the secretary-

valet. On the other side of the room,

lying as though she had slipped from

drew back the curtains. In the clear-

There was suddenly a piercing

around. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who had dis-

regarded his advice, was standing on

"Inspector!" she cried. "What has

She covered her face with her

"Where the devil are you, Ross?"

Craig. The inspector stood watching

There was no reply.

"Hello! Anyone there?"

They waited for some time.

"Never knew this to happen before,"

## The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

in an envelope.

sir " he inquired.

Army will call too. You can give her

Ross Brown, who was Quest's secre-

cepted the slip of paper and placed it

"There are no other instructions

"None," Quest replied. "You'll look

out for the wireless, and you had bet-

waiting automobile, and drove rapid-

By Quest's directions the automo-

bile was brought to a standstill at a

point where it skirted the main rail-

way line, and close to the section

house which he had appointed for

apparently seen their approach; and

she came out to meet them at once, ac-

companied by a short, thick-set man

This is Mr. Horan, the section

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest,"

"That's so," Quest admitted. "We'd

"That's dead easy," the boss re-

The section boss turned round and

gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his coarse face. He gripped

"See that bloke there?" he asked

"The guy with the linen collar?" the

"That's Quest, the detective," the

rishman went on hoarsely. "That's

the man who got me five years in the

pen, the beast! That's the man I've

"He got five years in the penitentiary

"I believe I was in the case," Quest

"That's so! Now then, young la-

They ambled down the line for

"This is the spot," he declared.

are welcome to them. All the search

here and in New York. I've had my

eye on that hill for a long time. My

"I'll take your advice." Quest de-

"Good luck to you!" the boss ex-

They searched carefully and delib-

erately for more than half an hour.

"Say, that guy of a section boss

They hurried to where she was.

That is Macdougal's body."

Quest glanced at his watch.

impression is that he hid there."

little exercise in hill climbing."

there for, Red Gallagher? Bring the threshold.

other answered. "I see him."

her down the line for a bit."

his mate by the arm.

pointing at Quest.

Jim, eh?" .

like to go to the spot if we could."

he announced. "The young lady tells

whom she introduced as Mr. Horan.

boss," she explained.

Mr. Horan shook hands.

ly towards the confines of the city.

marters. Come on, Lenora."

tary-valet and general factotum, ac-

pyright, 1916, by Otis F. Wood.)

ed to Mrs. Rh

## FOURTH INSTALLMENT

AN OLD GRUDGE CHAPTER X.

Sanford Quest was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish somewhat affected by the measure of me you are some interested in that both of you, or we'll make a quick job his perplexities. Early though it was, Lendra was already in her place, bending over her deak, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting her-self of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently.

"Well" be asked. Laura, came forward, straightening

her hair with her hands. "No go," she answered. "I spent the svening in the club, and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I match't got on to anything. From all could hear of the man, respectability to his middle name."

"That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly. We're fairly up against it, boss,

sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another job. The Rheinholdt woman has got her fewels back, or will have at noon to-I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old it was burned up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied short-"Look hers, girls, your average ets are often upt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've sthing on your mind, I can see."

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she

"I can't help thinking of Macdou-Lenora continued falteringly. "He has never been recaptured. I don't gher? I seem to have seen him beknow whether he's dead or alive. He fore." had a perfect passion for jewels. If he is alive, he would be desperate and low on the line once, although he was would attempt anything." Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

"I guess the return of the jewels spirit out of him." emarked. "He wouldn't be likely to observed carelessly. ert with the stuff when he'd once got is hands on it. However, I always dies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight, seant, when we had a moment's spare | and here goes!" ime, to look into that fellow's whereabouts. We'll take it on straight about half a mile. Then Horan away. Can't do any harm."

"I know the section boss on the allway at the spot where he disap-

Then just take the train down to has been made on the right-hand side intways-that's the nearest spotand got busy with him," Quest direct-"Try and persuade him to loan os the gang's handcar to go down the tine. - Lenora and I will come on in cided, "We'll spread out and take a

"Take you longer," Lenora remarked as she moved off to put on claimed. her jacket. "The cars do it in a quarter of an hour." "Cun't help that," Quest replied. Then Laura suddenly called out. They

Mrs. Reinholdt's coming here to iden- looked around to find only her head tity her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I visible. She scrambled up, muddy and can't run any risk of there being no with wet leaves clinging to her skirt. train back. You'd better be making Bood with the section boss. Take told me to look out for caves. I've with your cursed prying into other plenty of bills with you." "Sure! That's easy enough," Laura saved myself."

romined him. "I'll be waiting for

senced his own preparations. From als safe he took one of the small the same time Laura called out. An black lumps of explosive to which he ted it carefully in a small case with for his confidential valet. "Ross," he asked, "who else is there gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora.

here today besides you?" "No one today, sir." "Just as well, perhaps," Quest oberved "Listen, Ross, I am going out side while Laura passed her arm low for an hour or two, but I shall be around the other girl's waist. back at midday. Remember that, Mrs. Rheinholdt and Inspector French are w chance I should be a few minutes nors," he added kindly. "Look after

Typically English is "Humorous"

Comment Made by the Man-

chester Guardian.

ask them to wait. And, Ross, her, Laurn."

ng woman from the Salvation | Quest hastened along the road

The chauffeur, who saw him con started up and climbed to his seat. Quest took his place.

"Drive to the office," he ordered. The man slipped in his clutch. They vere in the act of gliding off when there was a tremendous report. They topped short. The man jumped down and looked at the back tire. "Blowout," he remarked laconically.

Quest frowned. "How long will it take?" "Four minutes," the man replied T've got another wheel ready. That's he queerest blowout I ever saw.

The two men leaned over the tire. Suddenly Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket. "Tom." he explained, "that wasn't a

plowout at all. Look here!" He pointed to the small level hole Almost at once he stood back and the sunshine flashed upon the revolver clutched in his right hand. "That was a bullet," he continued. 'Someone fired at that tire. Tom.

ter switch the through cable and telthere's trouble about." The man looked nervously around "That's a rifle bullet, sure." he mut- of black substance inside, closed it up, | "Inspector, I am so excited at the idea They left the house, entered the

"Get on the wheel as quick as you twisted the coll, stood back near the Quest a wonderful man?" can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give door and then pressed the button. The

He stoopped down to unfasten the straps which fastened the spare wheel. It was one of his rare lapses, realized a moment too late. Almost in his ears came the hoarse cry:

his rendezvous with Laura. She had "Hands up, guvnor! Hands up this second or I'll blow you to hell!" Quest glanced over his shoulder and looked into the face of Red Gallagher, raised a little above the level of the road. A very ugly little revolver was yet as soon as he reached the shelter she was becoming a little tactless. pointed directly at Quest's heart.

"My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up, around. Red Gallagher and his mate hands upon the thief. That is where prisoner they lost off the cars near of it."

Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw his revolver into the road and obeyed. As he did so, the other man stole out from behind a bush and sprang for piled. "I'll take you along on the the chauffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a chief commissioner." brief struggle, then the dull thud of whistled. From a little side track two the railway man's rifle falling on the nen jumped on to a handenr, and chauffeur's head. He rolled over and rought it around to where they were lay in the road. .

standing. A few yards away the man "Pitch him off amongst the bushes." who was propelling it—a great, red-headed irishman—suddenly ceased his Red Gallagher ordered. "You don't want anyone who comes by to see. efforts. Leaning over his pole, he Now lend me a hand with this chap.' "What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk, to start with. You see that handcar house?"

"Perfectly well," Quest assented. "My eyesight is quite normal." "Get there then. I'm a yard behind you and my revolver's pointing for the middle of your back." Quest sprang lightly down from the

een looking for. You're my mate. road, crossed the few intervening "I guess so," the other grunted. yards and stepped into the handcar 'Are you going to try and do him in?" Gallagher and his mate fellowed "Now then, you fellows," Horan shouted. "What are you hanging about close behind. Quest paused on the

carriage up. You fellows can have a "It's a filthy dirty hole," he re smoke for an hour. I'm going to take marked. "Can't we have our little struck him full in the face. Notwith- grave. chat out here? Is it money you The two men obeyed and disap- want?" house. Quest looked after them curi- with an ugly push of the shoulder he sent Quest reeling into the shed His

"That's a big fellow," he remarked. great form blocked up the doorway. What did you call him? Red Galla-"No," he cried flercely, "it's not money I want this time. Quest, you to the window which overlooked the been stolen again?" she gasped. brute, you dirty bloodhound! You track. The freight had already almost The inspector made no reply. He "He was the most troublesome fel- sent me to the pen for five years-you the biggest worker," the boss replied.



"Hands Up, Guynor!"

been in one, sure enough! Only just people's affairs. Don't you remember around away from the city. me, ch? Red Gallagher?" "Of course I do," Quest replied Quest peered into the declivity down coolly. "You garroted and robbed an it. Sit tight." which she had slipped. Suddenly he old man and had the spree of your life. gave vent to a little exclamation. At The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see shadow of the tower, the signalman arm. At that moment there was the

inch or two of tweed was clearly vis- that you paid for it. Well?" fble through the strewn leaves. Quest. "Five years of hell, that's what I York, stretched flat on his stomach, side. flat on his stomach, crawled a little had," the man continued, his eyes was struggling for life with knees and way down, took out his electric torch flashing, his face twitching with an- hands and feet. He looked at his revolver and re- from his pocket and brushed the stuff ger. "Well, you're going to have a harged it. Finally he rang the bell away. Then he clambered to his feet. little bit more than five years. This "Our search is over," he declared shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to spector with a beaming smile as he then get home as quick as you can." be burnt down for the third time." Lenora's face sank into her hands "Sounds remarkably unpleasant," proached her automobile.

for a moment. Quest stood on one Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry or the boss will be back." Gallagher finally slammed the door, room for him by her side. "Will you open, he heard Quest's voice outside. head. Quest heard the heavy footsteps of tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's "I'll have to get," he said, "but I'll the two men as they turned toward house in Georgia square?" here at twelve o'clock. If by send someone along. Cheer up, Le- the section house. He drew a little

case from his pocket, He opened what seemed to be a

THE POLE AS A POSSESSION but even the United States cannot be circle save some hundreds of days in and Stripes the right to fly farthest ing, not America, but the old Orient after him to traverse and conquer the expected to make much of her new an hour. Sentiment would demand north, but none will grudge the suc of India and China and their gold and hindering dike which rose in his path possessions in the meantime. Given that the pole itself be tangibly repre- cess-least of all Britain, whose sail- spices. The heart of men had always and forbade him Asia. The opening better communication, however, it sented, with a suitable inscription on ors and men of science have found yearned unto the East and its riches. of the canal is the first cutting of the should provide a rich field of inspiration to Commander Peary and (more and named a hundred places in the There was nothing new in the object dike, the avenging of Columbus, the tions for the American company pro- doubtfully) to Captain Cook; and pop- eternal ice, and whose record is not of Columbus' search. All that was end of the four-century halt, the re-As the North pole cannot fairly be moter. Conceive, for instance, the ular afternoon excursions might well the less glorious that it does not carry new was the direction. Columbus sumption of the advance toward the

ernstional trouble is likely to come of of the Pole hotel, in which the ter- little distance away, to watch the com- ploration.—Manchester Guardian. The Avenging of Columbus.

tassed as a "place in the sun," no in- fascination of a stroll in the courtyard be organized to the magnetic pole, a with it the blue ribbon of Arctic ex- went West. Judged in terms of its Orient.—B. I. Wheeler in Review of original purpose, his voyage was a Reviews, total failure. He started straight for Asia, but ran upon the long, broad The cutting of the Panama canal is dike of land we now call the Ameriice and some first-rate blizzards to 6 p. m. in a step or two, and by tions will envy the courage, ingenuity the avenging of Columbus. When he cas. It has cost more than four cen-

will have an owner for the first time; walking briskly round an eastward and endurance that gave the Stars started across the seas he was seek- turies for him and those who swarmed to get them.—Toledo Blade.

Here is an excellent cure for asthma: Iodide potash, one ounce; compound spirits of lavender, two ounces; fluid extract rozan weed, two ounces

still before he had passed the thresh-DO YOU HAVE HAY FEVER? old. He looked upon the floor and he looked across to the sofa. Then he Then Doubtless You Suffer Also From

the Solicitous Friend-Cures

I affect hay fever on the eighteenth

day of every August, beginning at a

quarter past three in the afternoon.

Robert C. Benchley writes in Vanity

Fair. From then until September 20.

along about ten o'clock at night, my

friends are never at a loss for a mer-

ry laugh or a locund remark about

my appearance. I am not a proud

man but I have sensibilities I there-

fore have a personal interest in all

But hav fever cures always come

secondhand - by hearsay. Someone

snuggles up to you and says: "Oh, do

you have hav fever?" (to which the

Goldbergian answer would be, "No, I

paint my nose and eyes red every day

to frighten the gypsy moths away")

and then, with an air of purveying

diplomatic secrets they confide that

they have "a frierd who used to have

hay fever, oh, terribly; couldn't

breathe, and all that sort of thing,

you know; and someone told him of

this kind of powder arrangement

which you snuff up your nose and then

hold your head under water for a

minute or two, and. do you know, ne's

never had a touch of hay fever since

he tried it." And if you'd like, they'll

ask their friend where to send for it.

and they take your telephone number

so that they can let you know all

about it. Only if you are hardened to

the type, you give them the number

of the zoo or the aquarium or some-

thing impersonal like that for the

chances are that when they do call

you up it will be to suggest an addi-

run across the original friend in the

first place. No one ever steps right

up to you like a man says in so many

words, "This has cured me of hay

fever," pointing the while at a clearly

I have read that no poem was ever

written to a nose. Can you, offhand,

recall a single rapturous or even ad-

miring description of one? I search

my memory in vain, but produce in-

stead one instance that has always in-

terested me by its neglect. You recall

that little poem of Browning's, "A Face," the brief and charming descrip-

tion of a girl's profile against a back-

ground of gold. The "matchless mold"

of softly parted lips, the "neck three

fingers might' surround," and the

"fruit-shaped perfect chin" all receive

their due of praise: the nose, a seem-

ing necessity in any profile, is not

even mentioned. It may be as well;

each reader supplies, in the lovely

face the line that suits him heat. The

poet may have feared that by its mere

nention he would produce the effect

too often given by the nose in real

life-a heaviness that mars an other-

wise charming face.-Atlantic Month-

Curious Indian Game Traps.

The discovery of the manner in

which the prehistoric Indians of the

southwest obtained their meat supply

was made recently by Washington

around the plateau of the Pajarika

It is believed that the discovery of

these traps indicates that the south-

western Indian of prehistoric times

was far more intelligent than his

The traps are holes cut in lava rock

at places where the poisonous gases

make their way through to the sur-

face. They are ingeniously arranged

to suggest a cavern in which an ani-

Animals running from their foes see

one of these traps and dive into it.

Almost instantly they are suffocated

does not destroy their value as food

Ashamed of Own Toes.

Man is a five-toed animal who seems

ashamed of the fact. He covers his

sensitive feet with leather, which

or hoofed creature, and then wonders

why he has corns and bunions. He

takes the spring out of the earth with

his pavements and the elasticity out

a pain instead of a pleasure. There

may be some climatic excuse for this

folly in winter, and as for grown-ups

heavy yoke upon the grave and beard-

ed folk." But give the kids, even the

their feet on the good breast of the

poor little rich kids, a chance to get

The profession of onion peeling is

not one that obtains much notice, yet

there are at least five hundred wom-

en in the East end of London earn-

ing their living by removing the skins

of onions. With practice, they can

make eighty cents to a dollar a day.

Very often they have been peeling

since childhood, daughters succeeding

mothers. It is not a profession you

can learn in one lesson, for the skin

must be removed by hand, or the

onion "juices" and is no use for pick-

ling. The onions are always peeled

in water. This is not done to save

the eyes of the peeler, but is done to

Honest Grief.

Rothschild, father of the recently de-

ceased Lord Rothschild, a poor old

by-stander. "You are no relation of

just why I'm crying."-London Tit-

Making George Happy.

a few weeks before we were married

you said that anything you could do

to make me happy would make you

"Yes, darling. What is it?"

"George, dear, you remember just

"George, I really must have another

new gown. I hope you won't deny

yourself that happiness." - Detroit

"Why are you crying?" inquired a

"No," howled the mourner; "that's

man wept loudly and bitterly.

At the funeral of Baron Lionel de

keep the onion white.

Rothschild."

very, very happy."

at any season "the world has set its

of game traps were found.

brother of the North.

mal may hide.

It's mighty funny that you never

tion to your life insurance policy.

alleged hav fever reliefs.

"My God!" he muttered. The professor pushed past. He had looked around the room, and gazed at the two bodies with an express blank and absolute terror. Then he fell back into Craig's arms. "The poor girl!" he cried.

ble! Horrible! Horrible!" "Know anything about this?" Quest asked quickly.

"Not a thing," the inspector replied. "We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I. at five minutes past twelve. There was no answer to our ring. I used my pass key and entered. This is what I found." Quest stood over the body of his

valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his handkerchief and covered up the head. A few feet away was a heavy paperweight.

"Killed by a blow from behind," French remarked grimly, "with that little affair. Look here!' They glanced down at the girl

Quest's evebrows came together quickly. There were two blue marks upon her throat where a man's thumbs might have been. "The hands again," he muttered.

The inspector nodded. "Can you make anything of it?"

"Not yet." Quest confessed. "I must The inspector glanced at him curlously.

"Where on earth have you been to?" he demanded. "Been to?" Quest repeated.

"Look in the mirror!" French suggested. Quest glanced at himself. His collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trousers were torn and he was covered with

"I'll tell you about my trouble a litopen his coat to show his official badge. back the property, which is what the tle later on," he replied. "Say, can't we keep those girls out?"

operator, "Quick, I'm Sanford Quest, doesn't secure the thief, which is, of They were too late. Laura and Lendetective special powers from the course the real end of the case from era were already upon the threshold. Quest swung round toward them. "Girls," he said, "there has been some trouble here. Go and wait up-

other voice thundered in his ears. He els," the inspector remarked. "Quest turned swiftly around. The Irishman's hasn't told me the whole story yet. stairs, Lenora, or sit in the hall. The car drew up outside Quest's house. The inspector assisted his companion to alight and rang the bell



He Set His Teeth and Jumped.

Laura, you had better telephone to the police station and for a doctor. That's right, isn't it, inspector?" "Yes!" the latter assented thought- by the gas. This manner of death

"He | engaged in any widespread affair, kept | Lenora, white to the lips, staggered a few feet back into the hall. Laura Red Gallagher staggered to his feet. he turned towards Quest's study on set her teeth and lingered.

"Is that Ross?" she asked. was in his face as he glanced furtive of iron nerve. No power on earth "It's his body," Quest replied. "He's been murdered here, he and the Salva turns him into an imitation ungulate, tion Army girl who was to come this morning for her check."

Laura turned away half dazed "I'd have trusted Ross with my life," Quest continued, "but he must have of his stride with hard-soled shoes, "There's the auto." Gallagher shout- the sofa, her head fallen on one side been alone in the house when the girl and marvels why walking has become "Come on, old man! I can fix in hideous fashion, was the body of came. Do you suppose it was the the wheel. If we've got to swing for Miss Quigg, the Salvation Army young usual sort of trouble?" weman. French set his teeth and Inspector French stooped down and

picked up the paper-weight. Across it They crawled to the side of the er light the disorder of the room was was stamped the name of Sanford road. Gallagher's rough, hairy fingers fully revealed. There had been a ter- Quest,

"This yours, Quest?" "Of course it is," Quest answered. "Everything in the room is mine." "The girl would fight to defend herself," the inspector remarked slowly, "but she could never strike a man such

a blow as your valet died from." French stooped and picked up a small clock. It had stopped at elevenhands. French gripped her by the fifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully. "Quest," he went on, "I'll have to

sound of an automobile stopping outask you a question." "Why not?" Quest replied looking "Keep quiet for a moment," the in-

quickly up. spector whispered in her car. "Pull "Where were you at eleven-fifteen?" yourself together, madam. Go to the "On tower No. 10 of the New York other end of the room. Don't look. Central, scrapping for my life," Quest

Stay there for a few moments and answered grimly. "I've reason to remember it." She obeyed him mutely, pressing Something in the Inspector's steady her hands to her eyes, shivering in gaze seemed to inspire the criminoloevery limb. French, stood back inside gist with a new idea. He came a step

Mr. French," she exclaimed, making the room. He heard the front door forward, a little frown upon his fore "Say, French," he exclaimed, "you don't-you don't suspect me of this?" The door was pushed open. Quest French was unmoved. He looked

entered, followed by the professor and Quest in the eyes. "I don't know," he said.

There may be a few easy jobs in

attraction as a conflagration." Naturally So. "She's been so conceited since they managed to get a player piano."

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builds me up, gives me strength, and rehealth again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."-Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek,

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and the batteries and the hits and the

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W. N. U., FORT WAYNE, NO. 35-1916.

## Kurdish Superstition Protects the Mountain on Which the Ark Is

Said to Have Rested.

hoen. And to me it was still greater ment and much sympathy. But when they can, to keep themselves safe from ney for the Railway & Light com- have felt. Nutting is suing the rail- water cool, then add ingredients.

reported intention of the United mination of the degrees of longitude pass stand on its head. Certainly, the

penguins, a polar hear or two, a deal so that one could move from 10 a. m. could not be in better hands. All na-

that it is guarded by evil spirits.

BELIEVE SPIRITS ON GUARD surprise to learn that the Kurds, who I think of a railway train running the spirit guards, and blame your pany, in front of the jury, drove a, way company for \$150,000 damages live in that district, never will climb through the Garden of Eden I can un- transportation on the spirits. But if knife blade five times into the back alleging his lower limbs were parthe mountain, because they believe derstand how the superstitious Kurds you persist you will reach the top, as of his left hand and held the bleeding alyzer in an accident. Although I have been close to Mount the mountain where the ark came to bassador, and others have done,-Ex-

would, of course, be carefully marked, exploiting of this unique possession

Stabs Himself for Jury. The test of fire applied to John H. United States court at New Orleans,

can believe in evil spirits that guard James Bryce, the English former am- member up for the jury to scan. He never winced under the ordeal. "I want to show the jury that I or

> man said. The attorney sought to prove that

any other man can stand pain," Ker-Nutting, New York architect, in the the plaintiff to the suit, Nutting, in distilled water, one quart; best alcohaving fire applied to his leg, merely hol, one ounce. Dose, teaspoonful in in rises above the plain where the of the jinns and fiends and giants that ing that the Kurds will carry you back recently had a sequel in the court brought out a Spartan bravery to covarten of Eden is supposed to have guard its summit, with some amuse down the mountain in your sleep, it soon after. Benjamin Kerman, attorder of any pain he may meals and at bedtime. Let distilled

Most Improbable. "Do you think there's any truth in the story that Nero fiddled while Rome , "No," replied the vaudeville manager; "there isn't a musician on earth

Free Press.

"Well, dear, player-plano owners do as a general thing put on airs."

who would be content to perform on the same bill with so strong a rival

ntion. Price \$1 per bonto at dealers or delivered. W.F. YOUNG, P. B. F., 318 Temple 31. Springfield, P.

Every one of us knows that Noah's I have seen its twin peaks, Little Ara- Ararat is in Caucasian Russia, beark floated forty days and forty nights rat and Big Ararat rising purple and tween the Black and Caspian seas, agh the flood, and then came to crimson in the dusk of twilight as our close to the borders of Persia, where est on a tall mountain, but it was a train shricked its way close by its all our fairy tales originally came surprise to me to learn that the moun- foot, and I have listened to the stories from; therefore it is really not amus-

Ararat I have never made the ascent. rest.

change.